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## AN APOLOGY FOR HUSBANDS.

We do not use this word 'apology' in its legitimate sense, as a defence or vindication: we are satisfied with the common meaning assigned to it—that is, an excuse or extenuation of an admitted offence. Husbands, as a general rule, are to blame, there is no doubt of that; only we think there are some small considerations which might be urged in their favour, not by way of exalting, but merely of letting them down easily.

The humane idea was long of occurring to us, for one gets so thoroughly accustomed to the condition of affairs in society, that everything seems natural and necessary, and passes on without exciting a thought. But a week or two ago, we had occasion to visit repeatedly a rather large and agreeable family without once chancing to meet with the Offender; and this had the effect of bringing him before our cogitations. Had he been present in the room, he would have passed as a natural and useful piece of furniture, and so have escaped all special survey; but being obstinately absent, we of course turned the bull's-eye of our mind upon him, and had him up.

With regard to the family present, it consisted of a wife, one or two children, one or two growing up, and a couple of grown-up daughters. All these were busy, from dolls and A B Cs to dressmaking and housekeeping. One of the daughters sang and played delightfully; another was an artist of considerable merit for an amateur; and both were adepts at needle-work. They boasted of making all but their best bonnets, and all but their ball-dresses. The mother was an excellent manager. Under her charge, the business of the house went on like clock-work: everything was comfortable, everything agreeable, everything genteel. The boys were at school, studying hard and successfully; one intending to be a merchant-prince, another to sit some day on the Woolsack, and the third to be archbishop of Canterbury. Indeed, they were an exemplary family; and one day when we met the lady in the street, with her two grown-up daughters by her side, and the younger girls walking trippingly behind, all nicely dressed and happy-looking, it struck us that there was an expression of pride as well as pleasure in her face, and that she was inwardly assuming to herself the merit of having made her own position. We did not grudge her the feeling, for her self-satisfaction had been earned: if some such inward reward did not attend good conduct, it would be all the worse for us in this world.

We had visited this happy family several times, when we began to inquire, while walking homeward in our usual meditative mood, what it was that held them

together in so enviable a position. Their labours were all for themselves, for their own comfort, amusement, gentility, advancement. They purchased nothing else with all this outlay of time and money. There they were, with no object but that of passing the day, of enjoying life, of rising to some condition of still higher distinction or contentment. How did they find this possible? By what power were they sustained immovable in the shock of social life, surrounded by all the cares and anxieties, and competitions and heartburnings, and tear and wear, and hurry and scurry of the world? Here we caught with our mind's-eye the absentee, and immediately suspected that he was at the bottom of it! But it was curious to think, that *he* should be the sun of this social system—that so many individuals should lean supinely upon one, without the slightest idea of mutual support. Yet so it was—and is. Society is composed throughout almost its whole consistence of such circles, each wheeling with more or less harmony, but still wheeling round a centre; and that centre is the Offender we have now up.

This individual, let us say, is unconscious of his own predicament. He knows he has a wife and children, a house and servants to provide for, and he does provide. That is all. He takes no merit to himself, and none is due. In supporting this Atlantean burden, he only does what others do. It is the rule. And so he bends his shoulders, and on he goes; sometimes stepping out like a giant, sometimes tottering, sometimes standing still to bemoan his fortune—not in having the load to bear, but in being unable to bear it well. If things go smoothly—if his children are well taught, if his dinner and his daughters are well dressed, if his house is tidy and genteel—why, then, if he is a praiseworthy person, he thanks God and his wife. If things go otherwise, he grumbles at his hard fate, and makes himself as disagreeable as possible, or else trundles his canister like a stoic; but all this time, be it observed, in utter unconsciousness of his true position. He does not think it odd that he is travelling in his round of life with a tail after him like a comet. He does not think about it at all. He only knows that the thing exists, and must be borne. If he is able of his own strength to bear it handsomely, so much the better; but if not, he never speculates on the possibility of deriving comfort and support from what is naturally a burden, any more than the wife and children imagine that they are anything else than a tail, with nothing in the world to think of, or to do, but to stick fast to the body to which they chance to be attached, and make themselves as comfortable as possible.

And this last is the curious part of the story. The amiable family we have described talked of the

individual we have laid hold of, with the perfect knowledge that he was their Centre, but without the faintest consciousness that there was anything but the mechanical tie between them. They humoured him when he was in good humour, called him a dear, good, old papa, got his slippers ready, and drew in his chair to the hearth, for that made the room all the more cheerful for themselves; but when in bad humour, they avoided or crossed him, wondering how anybody could look sulky at such a bright fireside, and suspecting him to be a man incapable of feeling interest in anything but his business, or his clerks, or his banker's book. Was not his wife to be pitied, after all she had done to make him happy and respectable? And was not this a sorry return to his daughters, for saving him a mint of money by making their own dresses? These excellent ladies had nothing to do with the stability of their Centre. The house might be on fire, but they were only lodgers. They had no interest in the Offender when he was out of their sight. They knew nothing of his crosses and losses, of his disappointments and vexations, of his faintness and weariness; they saw nothing but discontent on his wrinkling brow, nothing but approaching age in his whitening hair, nothing but ill-humour in his querulous voice, nothing but selfish apathy in his spiritless eye and sinking heart. They loved the husband and the father when he was agreeable enough to be loved; but they had no sympathy with the struggling man.

This is the ground of our apology. That the husband is a bad fellow is only too clear, but we would suggest that there are extenuating circumstances. The world is a hard taskmaster, and he who strives with it must submit sometimes to the hard word and the hard blow. His brow cannot always be clear or his mind present. He cannot always be in the mood to feel the comfort he sees; and he will sometimes sit down even at a bright fireside, with bright faces round him, and feel as if he were in a desert. Is sympathy, dear ladies, only for the happy? Is not his business yours? Is it not politic as well as kind to protect from feeling the rubs of the world that intelligent and susceptible machine to which you owe your all? In low life, in middle life, in high life, however, the same curious arrangement prevails, hitherto, so far as we know, undescribed or misunderstood. Ebenezer Elliott felt it without knowing what it was. His *Poor Andrew* feels his heart grow faint, when on going home from his work he approaches his own door, behind which he knows there are living things, as silent to his bosom as the dead. He has one consolation, however: it lies in his dog and cat; and the poor soul, yearning for sympathy, is at his wits' end when he does not meet the welcome of these, his only true friends.

My cat and dog, when I come home,  
Run out to welcome me—  
She mewing, with her tail on end,  
While wagging his comes he.  
They listen for my homeward steps,  
My smothered sob they hear,  
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,  
Because my home is near.  
My heart grows faint when home I come—  
May God the thought forgive!  
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,  
I think I could not live.

Why come they not? They do not come

My breaking heart to meet!

A heavier darkness on me falls—

I cannot lift my feet.

O yes, they come!—they never fail

To listen for my sighs;

My poor heart brightens when it meets

The sunshine of their eyes.

Again they come to meet me—God!

Wilt thou the thought forgive?

If 'twere not for my dog and cat,

I think I could not live.

The people's poet, we say, feels this without understanding it; for he attributes the want of sympathy to the want of knowledge—to the want of a power of response, on the part of the family, to the new ideas that are gushing up in the mind of the intelligent workman. Alas, Ebenezer! there is something in a case like this even better than knowledge. The most ignorant of all possible wives may do more, by a single look, to sustain and advance her husband, than the most acutely argumentative of all she-philosophers.

The French, as a nation, make a similar mistake. They are not so domestic as the English, and care less about that external comfort which commonly bounds the duties and ambition of an English wife. They run less risk, therefore, of taking the show for the substance, and see clearly enough that there ought to be some electrical rapport between the husband and his harem. The desideratum they consider to be a sympathy of taste. The wife, they say, should comprehend and feel interested in her husband's pursuits: she should be able to talk to him intelligently of what has occupied him through the day—to plunge with him into business, or politics, or literature—and to advise with him on the circumstances of his position. What is this but repeating the lessons that have wearied him, the annoyances that have worried him, the labours that have sent him home jaded and spiritless, or dissatisfied and irritable? Nature herself shews the impropriety of this arrangement; for in nine cases out of ten, when men and women are left to their own choice in marriage, they are attracted by antagonism rather than homogeneity, in at least the external points of the character, and even in personal appearance.

A similarity of taste is doubtless desirable, if on one side unobtrusive or undemonstrative; but what is really wanted is sympathy with the *man*—consideration for the Atlas who carries the household on his shoulders. We readily pardon the fretfulness of the sick; we consent without hesitation to tread lightly by the couch of pain: but who can tell what sickness of the heart, what torture of the head, may be indicated in that troubled look, that gloomy eye, that rigid lip, that thoughtful brow? Is it more than womanly to bear with a harsh word—to steal round the Offender with a noiseless step—to soothe him with a soft word or a loving look—to remember that to him his family owe their comfort and tranquillity—that he is like a rock, in the lee of which they recline in safety, while on its bald and whitened head break the thunder and the storm?

Yes: in his case there are extenuating circumstances. But let him beware that he does not plume himself upon them, instead of regarding them as merely something that would justify a humane judge in recommending him to mercy. Sympathy cannot long exist unanswered; and the action and response cannot take place but between minds that are in a state of rapport. We will take you, sir, as your own witness. Do you take care to place yourself habitually in this state with your family? If you do not enter into their feelings, do you expect them to enter into yours? Are you content to be defined as merely 'the gentleman who

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draws cheques?' Or do you teach them that you are a little community of individuals, sifted together by God and nature for mutual solace and support, with one moral being, one interest, one love, one hope? Do not answer in a hurry. Think of it, dream of it, ponder over it. There—that will do. Stand down, sir.

### STEAM ROUND THE CAPE.

THE Father of History—whom modern critics have vindicated from the once current imputation of being also the father of a good many fictions—has preserved to us a curious story which he heard in Egypt, some twenty-three centuries ago, concerning the manner in which the first circumnavigation of Africa—or Libya, as it was then called—was effected. The event was said to have taken place in the reign of that Pharaoh Necho who ruled in Egypt about 600 years before the Christian era, and whose dealings with the Jews are recorded in the Scriptures. 'Necho, king of Egypt'—this is what Herodotus heard—'despatched some Phœnicians in vessels, with instructions to sail round Libya, and through the Pillars of Hercules [Straits of Gibraltar], into the Northern [Mediterranean] Sea, and so to return to Egypt. The Phœnicians set out from the Red Sea, and navigated the Southern Ocean. When the autumn came, it was their practice to land on whatever part of the coast they happened to be near, to sow the ground, and wait for the harvest. After reaping it, they would again put to sea; and thus, after two years had elapsed, in the third they passed through the Pillars of Hercules, and arrived at Egypt.'

To this succinct narrative, the cautious historian adds a remarkable statement. 'They said,' he observes, 'but for my part I do not believe the assertion, though others may, that in their voyage round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand.' This part of the story, which awakened the incredulity of Herodotus, is now known to be the strongest confirmation of the truth of the whole account. A voyager, in making the passage round the Cape from the eastward, will have the sun on his right hand—that is, to the north. At the present day, any intelligent school-boy who has learned the first elements of astronomy, will easily understand this statement; but in the time of the old Greek historian, the fact could only have been ascertained by actual experience.

It is evident that the 'slow and sure' system on which the Phœnicians, in those days, conducted their navigation, would not suit the genius of our epoch. Their mode of victualling their craft had certainly the advantage of enabling them to dispense with the 'preserved meats' of any Tyrian Goldner. But in spite of this recommendation, it may safely be affirmed, that a company which should adopt the same system at the present day, would have but a small chance of obtaining the Admiralty contract for the conveyance of African mails.

In one respect, however, the Phœnician sailors must be admitted to have surpassed all their successors. There can hardly be a doubt, that the voyage in question was the *slowest* that has ever been made along that particular route; and as that portion of the distance run which is included between the Cape and the Straits of Gibraltar is rather more than one-third of the whole, it cannot be supposed to have occupied the navigators much less than a year. We may therefore fairly set this down as 'the longest passage from the Cape.' The 'shortest passage on record,' according to the best authorities, was achieved a few months ago by one of the mail-packets of the Screw Steam Company's line, which made the trip from Table Bay to Plymouth harbour in just thirty-two days and eighteen hours; and this voyage, short as it was, was rendered probably five days longer than it would otherwise have been, by the necessity of going out of the direct line to touch at

Sierra Leone, in compliance with the terms of the contract. This drawback, it may be well to add here, is now removed, the vessels being no longer required to visit that settlement. Sierra Leone, and other places on the west coast of Africa, are shortly to have a government steam-packet line of their own; and the large steamers of the General Screw Steam-ship Company, which now go to the Cape, and thence to India, have merely to touch at St Vincent (in the Cape Verdes) and the island of Ascension on their way out.

There is still, however, one peculiarity in the route of these steamers, which is deserving of notice. Persons who do not pay special attention to nautical matters are likely enough to suppose that, considering the large number of vessels at sea, the surface of the great ocean must be dotted over, in almost every part, with the sails of this countless fleet. This, however, is not the case; the ocean, like the land, has its frequented highways and its wide regions of loneliness. If an observer, furnished with a forty-Herschel-telescope power of vision, could be elevated to a height great enough to give him a view of the whole Atlantic, he would be struck by beholding hundreds of vessels following one another in certain lines along a very irregular course; while over a large portion of the surface not a sail would be visible. Thus, he would see the ships which leave these islands for the Cape or India, pursue at first a south-westerly course, till they reached the neighbourhood of Madeira; then keep more directly to the south, at a safe distance from the African coast, until they crossed the line; then stretch away again to the south-west, in the direction of South America, till they gained the zone of westerly winds; and, finally, making a rather sharp turn into these winds, go bowling along before them to the eastward till they arrived at the Cape, or else, if so directed, passed to the southward of it. On the return-voyage, a similarly circuitous route is pursued, although the curves are to some extent reversed: the widest circuit, or deviation from the direct line, being made in the northern instead of the southern hemisphere. In the extensive spaces on either side of these frequented routes, few vessels would be seen. Here and there, an African trader might occasionally be perceived, dodging from port to port; or a guilty slaver, with crowded sails and leaning masts, might be seen scudding swiftly across the ocean, perhaps with a royal cruiser following steadily in her track, like a bloodhound pursuing a murderer.

Now, as the screw-steamers, although always ready and willing to take advantage of a favourable wind, are not compelled, like ordinary sailing-ships, to guide their motions altogether by it, they are able to strike out a new and more direct route for themselves. This, indeed, is one of the advantages which all steamers possess. Consequently, if our imaginary observer were to watch the course of a steam-vessel bound to or from the Cape, he would find it deviate considerably from the track of the sailing-ships—chiefly, of course, in avoiding a great part, though not all, of the wide circuit aforesaid. In the case of the 'shortest passage,' for example, if the steamer had been following the usual route of sailing-vessels, she would probably have passed at least a score of ships between the Cape and the line. As it was, she did not meet a single vessel. Her course lay about midway between the island of Ascension and the coast of Africa. It is very seldom that any vessel is encountered in this part of the ocean. It chanced, however, on one occasion last year, that two steamers of this company, going in opposite directions, passed each other in that lonely region, within such a distance, that the *smoke* of the one to windward was visible to those on board the other, though the vessel itself was out of sight. They knew from the position that it must be their consort; but all they saw of her, and all, perhaps, that they were to see of her for years—as they are rarely in port



together—was that thin trail of smoke, drawn faintly along the distant horizon.

Something ought to be said here about the company itself to which these vessels belong. The General Screw Steam-shiping Company affords, like its predecessor and present rival, the Peninsular and Oriental Company, a good specimen of the manner in which English enterprise usually develops itself. Five years ago, only two of the vessels now belonging to this company were afloat; and these were then the property of two merchants, carrying on a trade between England and Holland—Messrs James Laming and Richard Smith. The two vessels were the *City of London*, and the *City of Rotterdam*; they were of only 270 tons burden, and thirty horse-power, and were built merely by way of experiment, to take the place of the sailing-vessels which had previously been employed. The experiment proved so successful, that it led to the formation of a joint-stock company, and to the construction of two more steamers, impartially named the *Sir Robert Peel*, and the *Lord John Russell*, and each of about 300 tons burden, and forty horse-power. The *Earl of Auckland*, of 450 tons burden, and seventy horse-power, was the next addition. The continued success of these screw-propelled trading vessels, induced the company to extend their operations. A royal charter of incorporation was obtained. Three new vessels—named the *Bosphorus*, *Hellepont*, and *Propontis*, each of 560 tons burden, and eighty horse-power—were built; and a line to Smyrna and Constantinople was commenced, the five smaller vessels continuing the trade between London and the ports of Rotterdam, Harlingen, and Dunkirk. The Mediterranean line quickly became a favourite with both shippers and passengers. The vessels were found to be safe, dry, and comfortable; the voyages were punctually made; no disasters occurred; the underwriters gradually reduced their rates of insurance on merchandise conveyed by them, and the profits of the company went on increasing. In 1850, another important extension of their operations took place. The company obtained the contract for the conveyance of mails to the Cape, being the first regular steam-communication between this country and that important colony. The three Mediterranean steamers were taken off their original line, and employed in commencing the new service, while the company were building larger ships, more suitable for this ocean work. The Mediterranean vessels, however, did remarkably well in their new line of duty. The first voyage from Plymouth to the Cape—commenced in December 1850—was accomplished in forty days; and this has been about the average of the outward passages. Somewhat less time is usually occupied in returning. The company gained so good a name and position in a few months, that they had no difficulty in obtaining the contract for the extended line from England to Calcutta, by way of the Cape, Mauritius, and Ceylon. For this mail-service, they receive from the government a remuneration of £45,000 per annum. The company has lately been enlarged, and the capital considerably increased. A fleet of seven large steamers, of from 1850 to 2000 tons burden, is in course of construction. Three of them, indeed—the *Lady Jocelyn*, the *Indiana*, and the *Queen of the South*—are already launched, and the last-mentioned has been despatched to open the Calcutta line. These large screw-steamers are fine ships. While the *Queen of the South* lay in the dock at Blackwall, she had crowds of visitors, who inspected with great admiration the spacious and handsomely-furnished saloon on the upper deck; the cabins below, resplendent with mahogany and bird's-eye maple, and all of them roomy, well-ventilated apartments, conveniently fitted up for the conveyance of 130 first-class passengers; the baths, the well-furnished hospital and dispensary, the ample promenade on deck, and the

vast and complicated machinery below. In addition to this main-line to India, the company are about to undertake a branch-line from the Cape to the new and flourishing colony of Natal, and are sending out two of their small steamers for this purpose. In a few years, no doubt, in conjunction with the Peninsular and Oriental, the Eastern Steam Navigation, the Australian, and other companies, they will cover the Indian Ocean and the neighbouring seas with a net-work of steam-packet lines, uniting together all the principal ports of the East.

One of these associations, the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, has just adopted a scheme which, if carried out, will eclipse all that has yet been effected by the power of steam on the ocean. They propose to build steam-ships large enough to carry coals sufficient for the whole voyage round the Cape from England to Calcutta, without stopping on the way; and, by maintaining a speed of sixteen or seventeen miles an hour, they hope to accomplish the distance in twenty-eight or thirty days—being five or six days less than the time now occupied on the overland passage. Whatever may be the result of this undertaking, there can be no doubt that we are now witnessing only the commencement of the revolution which must in a few years be effected in the whole system of oceanic navigation through the agency of steam—unless this, in its turn, should before long be superseded by some other and still more efficient motive-power not yet developed.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE.

In the fair days of Louis XVI., when Marie Antoinette was giving her gay receptions at Versailles, and the king found no weightier matters to record in his private journal than his hunts and lathe-turnings, there were known, among the crowd of needy nobility who hung about the purlicues of the court, in hopes of places and pensions, two brothers, designated in the fashion of their time the *Sieurs de Bonneville*. They were descended from the marquis who made such bold but unsuccessful love to Margaret de Valois; had his ears boxed by 'the tenth Muse and the fourth Gracé,' as that fair, frank, and witty princess herself sets forth; and fell in the Italian wars of her brother, Francis I.

Fortunately, people do not always resemble their ancestors; and so it was that Armand and 'Eugene de Bonneville were regarded as singularly prudent men by the world of Versailles. Their names had never been prominent in dangerous intrigue or family quarrel; they had incurred no glaring scandal, made no profitless friendships, committed themselves to no party, and been seen to assist with equal complacency at high-mass and at the crowning of Voltaire. Their parents were long dead; the gates of a Carmelite convent had closed on their three sisters; and the inheritance which descended to Eugene, as the eldest son and heir of the house, was a large dilapidated hotel in the Faubourg St Germain; the right to style himself seigneur of certain lands and a chateau in the country, which had been possessed by a rich farmer-general's family for at least two generations; and the salary of an office created by Louis le Grand when money was particularly scarce with him, and purchased for ever by the seigneur's grandfather—salad-taster extraordinary to the dauphin. Armand was almost as well provided for by the continuance of a pension bestowed on his mother in the former reign, at the special request of Madame du Barré, and the promise of a lieutenancy in the Royal Guards. Their friends attributed it to the prudence of the Bonneville, that they kept on tolerable terms with their tradesmen; but both were handsome, well-bred, and unexceptionably aristocratic, from the queue to the diamond shoe-buckles; and though Armand was now thirty-five, and his brother some years older, it was

generally believed that they intended marrying to advantage.

That belief, at least, was true; but advantageous matches are not to be hit on every day, even by the most devoted searchers. Perhaps, also, the brothers were too prudent to succeed in a pursuit, regarding which 'nothing venture nothing win' is an emphatic proverb; for one noble heiress and jointured widow after another was led to the hymeneal altar, sincerely regretted, while they continued to write complimentary verses, send New-Year's presents, and dance attendance on disposing mammas. Armand had resigned himself to the lot of a noble bachelor, who could not forget his rank, and of whose poverty no great house would become oblivious; but Eugene fretted to see his hotel going day by day more out of repair under the administration of two superannuated servants, and his ancient line threatening to be extinguished without either heir or fortune. Doubtless the seignury and the hereditary office also entered into his consideration, and at length determined him on immediate application to a matrimonial agent in Paris (where, of course, chances were more numerous), with a hint that, provided the lady's portion was satisfactory, nothing but the most obtrusive plebeianism of birth or connections would be rejected.

Armand remonstrated with his brother on this downward step, which might connect their family with the *bourgeoisie*; but after talking the matter over, in that good brotherly confidence always subsisting between the Bonneville's, in spite of life at Versailles, the wisdom, or, it might be, necessity of Eugene's plan, became equally apparent to him; and with Armand's advice, a particularly respectable agent, in that quarter of Paris called the Cité, was engaged to manage the affair.

M. le Blanc was a man of large business and acknowledged abilities; but he found De Bonneville's requirements difficult to obtain: a dowry of 600,000, or an annual income of 50,000 livres, was mentioned as the lowest terms on which the *sieur* could dispose of his heart and hand, and there were only three fortunes of that amount on Le Blanc's list. The first was the daughter of a coffee-merchant, who had spent many years in the West Indies, and the lady's complexion had an African tinge too strong to be presentable; the second was the widow of a wealthy tobaccoist, and she had appeared in her husband's shop, and actually served customers; the third, though the niece of a silk manufacturer, rich and childless, was also the daughter of a wood-merchant, and kept up an intimacy with her low relations, which would be utterly inadmissible in Madame de Bonneville. At length, after seven months' search, when Eugene was beginning to despair, and the hotel looked worse than ever, a letter arrived from Le Blanc, announcing his hope that all the requisites had been discovered in a single lady residing at the house of a respectable but reduced advocate, near the church of St Madeleine. He added, that the lady was handsome, accomplished, and supposed to be about thirty; that she had no known connections or family, and a certain income of 56,000 livres a year.

The brothers were delighted, but their prudence never slept. Eugene wrote to Le Blanc by return of post, with suitable commendations of his diligence; an earnest exhortation to inquire after her previous history; and should the results be satisfactory, full powers to sound the lady's mind, as well as that of her friends, regarding whom he hoped some further information would also be gleaned, as their utter obscurity went somewhat beyond the Bonneville's expectations. Le Blanc seemed long about the inquiry; but his letter came at last. It stated, that he had seen the lady, and could pledge his honour that she had a fine face, a good figure, and the air of a duchess—weighty words from such a connoisseur; that her name was Catherine de

Chatelaine; and she had no friends except the old advocate and his wife, with whom she had lived for almost two years, paying a large board, which greatly assisted them, as, though highly respectable and well connected, they had been reduced almost to poverty among the thousands who suffered by the failure of the Mississippi scheme. Their name was Broussel, and their relationship to mademoiselle so distant, that the advocate acknowledged it to be beyond his tracing; while all that he or his wife knew of her history was, that the lady's father had left his country early and settled at Constantinople, where he rose to great power and trust, but without changing his religion, on account of some extraordinary and secret service rendered to the Porte; that he perished in a great fire, which consumed not only his house, but the very street in which he lived. No document or family paper had been rescued from the flames, to throw light on mademoiselle's genealogy; and the sultan, considering the estates and treasures he had amassed too large an inheritance for any Christian woman, seized upon them all, allowing his only daughter an income of 56,000 livres; with which she retired to her father's country, to avoid Mussulman addresses, when the ancient Latin convent of St Eustachia, where she had been educated and resided from childhood, was suppressed and pulled down by order of the grand vizier, because the nuns were suspected of attempts to proselytise his harem. Nothing was known of mademoiselle's mother, but that she was of Italian origin, born at Pera, and said to be related to the princely house of Sforza, whose armorial-bearings were sculptured on her tomb in the Frankish cemetery.

The story was romantic, yet the brothers could have wished for some evidence of its authenticity. But Le Blanc's letter contained another paragraph, which at once decided Eugene. Mademoiselle, though not completely averse to a noble match, was singularly devout, and had lately entertained serious thoughts of taking the veil in the convent of St Catherine, whose holy sisters, as the advocate assured him, paid the heiress such court as it would require an ardent and clever suitor to oppose successfully. Eugene knew, that when the nuns were at work, there was no time to be lost; and as 56,000 livres could not be expected to come often in his way, his reply empowered Le Blanc to place his noble name, and, of course, affections, at the feet of the Eastern heiress, and win over, if possible, the Broussels to his interest, as the only apologies for relations the lady had. Le Blanc's next communication was encouraging. The Broussels had given in their warm adhesion on the receipt of a gold snuff-box, a Cashmere shawl, and the promise of 200 louis, to be paid on the wedding-day; while mademoiselle was so deeply interested by his glowing account of the *sieur's* many attractions, good qualities, and exalted rank, that she consented to receive a visit from her noble lover, who might henceforth carry on his suit in person. Eugene hastened to avail himself of that privilege, particularly as Le Blanc hinted that the nuns were still in the field. But the same post brought Armand a letter from their only surviving uncle, a brother of the long deceased Madame de Bonneville. He had been educated at the Jesuits' College, and intended for the Church; but having no vocation for holy orders, he went, at the special recommendation of the superior, to seek his fortune in Italy; and after serving in one capacity or another at half its old ducal courts, had been for the last twenty years private secretary to the doge of Venice. M. Lespeigne was supposed to be rich, and known to be stingy. He had never married, and kept no communication with his sister's family, lest, as it was believed, they might levy or expect contributions. But age had crept upon him in the midst of official duties and growing gains; and feeling solitary in the strange land as health and spirits began to fail, he remembered that Armand was his namesake, and

wrote to request a visit. Such a request was not to be disregarded, especially by the prudent Bonneville, for it almost involved a legacy. Armand and Eugene congratulated each other on their prospects, which now seemed pretty secure between death and marriage; and both set out in high spirits, the one for the city of the Adriatic, and the other for the neighbourhood of St Madeleine in Paris.

Armand found his uncle all that report had painted him—old, infirm beyond his age, and if rich, by no means liberal. It might have been his Italian life, too, or long residence in that old city of secrecy and decaying power, but Armand thought him close to a wonder regarding his pecuniary affairs, and unaccountably anxious, like one who felt some great risk or fear hanging over him. The old man was kind after his own fashion, and right glad to see his nephew. It was pleasant to talk of the country he had left so long, and the families he had known in his youth; pleasant to have a companion in the deserted wing of the ducal palace, which he had inhabited with two old servants for almost twenty years; and though Armand soon got tired of the empty galleries and sombre rooms of the silent sea-town, where there were no promenades, no court gossip, and scarcely a play except at the carnival, he remained month after month at his uncle's solicitation, endeavouring to look delighted, and employing all his eloquence to persuade the old man that his health required change of air, and he should retire to enjoy himself and his fortune among kind friends in France. Meantime, letters of good news followed each other from Paris. Eugene had seen his bride-elect: she was charming; but Armand would judge of that for himself. Of one thing he was certain—she must be a gentlewoman, from the dignified manner in which his addresses had been received. The courtship was vigorously carried on for three weeks, at the expiration of which they were solemnly betrothed, and next month married with becoming splendour at the church of St Madeleine. As the fashion of those times required, Madame de Bonneville immediately went home to her husband's hotel, which had been repaired and furnished on considerable credit, but everybody had heard of the 56,000 livres. Half the court, and most of the old families resident in Paris, paid visits of congratulation to the happy pair; and the Hôtel de Bonneville, with its new mistress's dress, jewellery, and equipage, not forgetting her romantic history, became the theme of all tongues at Versailles. These tidings made Armand wish for the termination of his visit, that he might share in the family splendours and hospitable attentions of his wealthy sister-in-law, to whom he had determined on making himself agreeable, having already paved his way with all manner of written compliments. Armand had, however, his private interest to secure with Lespeigne, and to leave him in the present frame would have been decidedly unprofitable. The old man's family pride, which had always been peculiarly strong, was flattered by the brilliant alliance Eugene had made, all the more that both brothers thought proper to avoid his antiquated scruples by sinking the entire romance of the bride's history, and announcing her merely as an orphan heiress of the illustrious house of Chatelaine. The magnificent doings in Paris, Eugene's warm invitations, supported as they were by those of his niece-in-law, and Armand's eloquence, therefore prevailed on the private secretary to request two months' leave of absence from the doge, a man as old, as heirless, and more infirm than himself, who spent an hour every day locked up with him in the library, and all the rest of his time between his chamber and the palace chapel. The two months' leave was granted, and Armand and his uncle journeyed without hindrance or adventure to Paris. They arrived at the Hôtel de Bonneville late at night. All things were prepared for their reception, though madame had retired to rest; and Eugene

received them with expected demonstrations. Armand thought his brother looked less free and easy than in their poorer days; but doubtless it is a natural effect of matrimony, said the self-complacent bachelor.

Knowing the value of first impressions, he was particular in his toilet next morning. His aristocratic tastes were thoroughly gratified by the general style and appearance of the hotel, and he descended to the breakfast table with an inward conviction that Eugene had done a good thing. There sat the bride in a *recherche* morning-dress, really a magnificent woman, and something more than Le Blanc had reported. She was tall, finely formed, and queenly in her carriage. There was an Oriental look about her dark complexion and jet-black hair. Her features were as fine, Armand thought, as those of a Grecian statue; and her manners had the graceful cordiality of genuine high-breeding. All was well and winning at the first glance; but Armand felt before he was fairly seated, that there was something strangely disagreeable about the lady's brow and eyes, which looked hard and fixed, as if somehow cut out of the solid marble. This impression was deepened by his uncle's look when first introduced to her: it was one of previous acquaintance, mingled with something like absolute horror, and the bride responded with a glance of mocking triumph. But both were composed in an instant, and saluted each other as affectionate uncles and nieces ought to do.

Eugene did not seem to observe the circumstance, and Armand did not care to speak of it. It was so strange, so sudden; and his brother appeared to have grown so close and uncommunicative, even when they met in private, that he considered it more prudent, as well as polite, to keep silence, and a strict though concealed watch on his uncle and sister-in-law. That day, they all lived like a happy family: the old man praised his niece, approved of the whole establishment, and tried to look well-pleased and paternal; but he often relapsed into brown, or rather black studies; and once, when about to enter the *salon*, where madame and he had been left alone for a moment, Armand heard their voices in low but fierce altercation, which ceased the instant he opened the door.

A soirée had been given in honour of the rich uncle; but early in the afternoon, Lespeigne walked out to visit the Venetian ambassador; and when the company were assembling, a *laquais de place* arrived with a brief note, charging Armand with the presentation of his regrets and apologies, as he had just received a message from the doge, commanding his immediate attendance on business of the highest importance, and was already on his way to Venice. Armand knew not what to think, but he could not help keeping a more vigilant eye than ever on his sister-in-law. Her conduct was a model of dignified propriety. She had been presented at court with great *éclat*, and was now an acknowledged belle in the gay circles of Paris and Versailles; but the lady had no intimates, and never encouraged admiration. She had acquired considerable influence over her husband; but it was founded on deference, and not love. Eugene was proud of her beauty, of her high-breeding, and of the splendid style in which her fortune enabled him to live. It was natural he should give his friends frequent opportunities of seeing all these, and his house was one of the gayest in Paris. In its good company, deep play, and brilliant evenings, the mysterious appearances of his first day almost faded from Armand's recollection. Though less familiar than he could have wished, Madame de Bonneville and he continued on the best terms. An affectionate correspondence was kept up between him and his uncle; but Lespeigne declined, under one pretext or another, all invitations to renew his visit, and carefully avoided asking Armand to Venice. That was no good sign for the legacy; and Armand was beginning to wonder if he could not find an heiress to marry



under favour of his brother's stars, when the first ball of the carnival-time was given by the eccentric countess, Madame Penthivère. Her house stood in a street which had been considered fashionable about the period of the Fronde, and was close upon the Faubourg St Antoine.

The known rank and wealth of the countess atoned for the antiquated situation of her hotel. It was her boast, that the best society in Paris had assembled there for 150 years; and her carnival-ball was always reckoned the grand event of the season. Half Paris was invited, and among the rest the Bonnevelles. Madame had purchased a magnificent dress for the occasion; but the same evening, a slight though sudden indisposition made her resolve on remaining at home, much to the disappointment of Eugene, who had largely anticipated the general enthusiasm his wife's appearance must have called forth in the ball-room; and only at the lady's earnest request would he consent to accompany Armand, and express her regrets to Madame Penthivère.

The ball was brilliant, but Eugene missed the prestige of his lady's presence, which had now become in a manner indispensable; and by way of consolation, retired to the card-tables, in the furthest apartment of madame's splendid suite, where the play was deep, and continued far into the morning. Armand, after many endeavours, found a good opportunity of paying special attention to a wealthy dowager, and her plain but well-portioned daughter, on whose sensitive heart the experienced sieur flattered himself some impression had been made, as he handed the ladies to their carriage at four in the morning. The work had been hard, however; Armand felt fairly exhausted; and as Eugene was still at cards, he determined not to wait for the carriage, but go home alone by the shortest way. Having informed his brother of his intention, and wrapped himself up in a Spanish cloak, borrowed from madame's son-in-law, Don de Lasco—for the morning was cold—he proceeded through a narrow street of the Faubourg St Antoine, which then skirted the ancient Cemetery of the Innocents. No modern carriage could find room in it. The houses dated from the days of Anne of Bretagne, and had been mansions of the old nobles. They were still strong fabrics, from seven to eight storeys, with turreted roofs and sculptured doorways, particularly on the side next the cemetery; but the dead of centuries had raised its soil to a level with their second floors; and the people of St Antoine had tales about that street of sights and sounds which nobody could account for. It was said that no young children could be reared there; and some out of every family of new-comers were sure to die within the twelvemonth: in short, even the Jews did not care to live in it; and most of the houses had been deserted for years. The rank and fashion of Paris never thought of inquiring into such vulgar tales. Armand was thinking of his chance with the dowager's daughter, when, midway in the street, he was startled by a low voice, speaking as it seemed from the pavement. 'There was not a sound in the neighbourhood. At that hour, St Antoine was all asleep; but a lamp burned hard by before a great wooden crucifix—set up to commemorate the massacre of St Bartholomew—at the entrance of a narrow alley leading to the gate of the cemetery. By its light, Armand saw a black figure rise from the ground nearly at his feet, and stepped instinctively behind the great cross. The figure stood for a moment in the lamp-light. It was a black nun, with veil and hood; but there was something in the motion which he knew, and as it turned to look up the dark alley, the veil fell aside, and Armand saw the face of his sister-in-law. Overwhelmed with astonishment, he stood in silence till she passed, and then followed, resolved not to lose sight of her; but never had the courtly sieur so rapid a walk. Whether with the knowledge that she was pursued or

not, her steps grew quicker every moment; and after following her track through a labyrinth of lanes and alleys utterly unknown to him, she at length disappeared round the corner of the Rue de Marais. Here he lost all trace; and weary work it was finding his way home through those low neglected quarters; but he reached the Hôtel de Bonneville as day was breaking. The sleepy porter stared when he inquired if madame had yet arrived. Did not monseigneur know that madame had been indisposed that evening, and declined going to the ball?

Armand was discreet enough to admit the mistake; but his faith in the testimony of his own eyes remained unshaken, and he could not sleep for wondering what his sister-in-law could find to do at such a place and hour. It was not a likely scene for an intrigue; but she might be a lady of peculiar taste; and all he had observed between her and old Lespeigne rose in Armand's memory. Was the porter in her secret? Jacques was an elderly, discreet man. He would take him into confidence, and trace out the affair without informing his brother, as it might endanger family peace, and give rise to scenes which the well-bred bachelor could not relish.

At their late breakfast, madame appeared as usual in an elegant morning-dress, declaring herself quite recovered, and all solicitude for intelligence of the ball. Armand gave her a full account, suppressing only his own walk through the faubourg, and no hint or glance betrayed their mutual concealment. Armand made the porter a present that very day, in preparation for madame's next illness; but she accompanied her husband to every succeeding assembly, and he had business of his own on hands, for the dowager's daughter had to be looked after.

The licence of the carnival week always brought queer faces and costumes from hidden corners of Paris, among the gay promenaders in garden and boulevard. They seemed to Armand more than usually numerous that year; and he could not help noticing, that some of the lowest and strangest-looking creatures cast looks of recognition on Madame de Bonneville as she passed in the splendour of plumes and diamonds. Wild rumours concerning the Cemetery of the Innocents, too, were growing more rife among the populace. Lights had been perceived in a deserted house of the faubourg, and figures, believed to be not of this world, seen coming from its gate.

Armand had been doing his *devoirs* on the last night of the carnival at a masquerade, in which his sister-in-law created quite a sensation by her superb acting in three different characters; and going out next noon on a permitted visit to the dowager, he perceived that something extraordinary had discomposed Jacques. Mindful of his plan, Armand paused, and hoped his wife was well? 'Thank monseigneur, she was.' And himself? Jacques hesitated; he was quite well, but there was a trouble in his mind. Would monseigneur speak with him a moment?

Armand assented. Jacques led the way to his own dormitory close by the gate, and having carefully closed the door, said: 'Monseigneur, my wife and I have kept the Hôtel de Bonneville these thirty years: thank God for the good-fortune that has come into it! but we can't keep silence on a matter which concerns the family. You know, we had but one daughter: we called her Marie for the Virgin; and maybe the Virgin took her out of this bad world, for her mother found her dead and cold in her own bed on the morning of Ash-Wednesday, when she was to have taken her first communion. All our people had lived in the Faubourg St Antoine, and been buried in the Cemetery of the Innocents. We laid Marie there too; and to comfort our poor hearts, made a vow that we would go together every night in the carnival week to pray an hour at our child's grave: we didn't mind the stories that are going

about the place—neither my wife nor I was afraid when Marie was there. Don't laugh at me, monseigneur, for, God knows, I speak the truth. Three times last week we both saw a woman in black clothes, once in the street, once in the alley, and last night looking in at the gate. I saw her face as plain as I see yours now: monseigneur, as I am a Christian, it was Madame de Bonneville!

This revelation put the last fine edge on Armand's curiosity; besides, when servants began to observe, it was time to take active measures. The old porter could be depended on; and by talking with him on the subject, Armand learned a fact regarding the great old house which, if he ever heard before, had escaped his memory—namely, that a small staircase, hidden by the drapery of madame's chamber, led to an oratory or private chapel long disused, and looking out on a narrow crooked lane, from which, by bystreets and alleys, one might reach the Marais. This accounted for madame's secret egress; but what business had she in the neighbourhood of the Innocents? Jaques's head was full of tales heard from his grandmother of sorcerers who required the hearts of such as died in mortal sin, and corpses nine nights buried; yet, for the honour of the family, he volunteered to watch in the cemetery every night during Lent, saying there was an angel in heaven who would take care of him. Armand caught at the proposal, for, though educated above vulgar superstition, there was something so darkly mysterious about the matter, that he did not care attempting it alone, and thought it wiser to inform his brother also. The dowager and her daughter considered him singularly absent and uninteresting in his visit; but on Armand's return he found madame gone to mass, and Eugene alone in the library. The opportunity was not to be neglected; and with proper circumsppection, he told him all he had heard and seen of his wife. To his surprise, Eugene was prepared for the revelation. He had missed madame at extraordinary hours, and once believed he saw her pass him in the streets at midnight in company with a low, wicked-looking foreigner, but could never think of mentioning it till then. In the restored confidence of former days, the prudent brothers devised a scheme of discovery.

By their direction, the old porter that evening requested leave to visit his only brother in the north, who was said to be seriously ill. The leave was granted; Jaques assumed his travelling trim, took leave of his wife and fellow-servants, but walked straight to a poor inn near the ill-reputed street of St Antoine, where he put on a workman's blouse, a red wig, and a patch over his right eye; handed the landlord a louis in advance, and said he would remain as long as things pleased him. Next day, the brothers went to hear the bishop's Lent sermon; and on their return, pretending to be seized with one of those sudden fits of devotion incidental to the Parisian *beau monde*, declared their intention of joining for that Lent the order of Repentant Sinners, lately introduced from Italy, and then in considerable vogue among the wealthy devout. This order admitted temporary members; and its distinguishing duties consisted of wandering about in dirty, ragged clothes, never sleeping the second night in one place, and living in all respects like the meanest of the people. Madame, who pretended to devotion herself, warmly encouraged their pious intent; and, properly provided with rags and staves, they set out on the following Saturday, to the great edification of their neighbours, for Versailles, the chosen scene of their penitence, as it had been of their thoughtless youth. Once in Versailles, each purchased the dress of a workman, and thus equipped, they returned to Paris the same night—Armand joining the porter at his inn, while Eugene repaired to the narrow lane behind his own mansion, where he took lodging with a widow who had one room to let, and was seldom sober. This woman

had a son, her only support, though he followed no legitimate trade, and was from birth a dwarfish creature, with two equal humps behind and before. But nature had also endowed Jules with a keen sight, extraordinary agility, and a power of avoiding observation which made him a valuable assistant to the secret police; and it was known that they kept him in almost constant employment.

The best informed on such matters at that time understood, that this dreaded force was particularly active on some scent known only to itself. Eugene had heard nothing of it, but he took Jules into partnership in watching the chapel window, promising him twenty louis if he could follow and guide him to the destination of whoever came out. The window was high and narrow, and opposite was an angle formed by a projecting house, where, after dark, Eugene and his companion took their station, each provided with a dark-lantern, while, according to agreement, Armand and old Jaques posted themselves behind the cross in the alley leading to the gate of the Innocents. All the first night they saw nothing; but Jules found out that madame had been at midnight mass in the Capuchin convent. On the second, she had a serious soirée, to which the company brought their rosaries, and supped on a salad; but as the clock of St Germain chimed twelve, Jules perceived a black figure slide noiselessly down from the chapel window, and speed up the lane: he followed as quietly; and Eugene followed him, imitating all his motions. It was a wonder to the sieurs, in after-days, what turns and windings they made through the obscure lanes and alleys of old Paris; but the figure never slackened its speed, and neither did the pursuers, till they almost reached the gate of the Innocents. Here Eugene perceived his companion cower in a corner, and he followed his example, as their chase paused and looked round. He did not see the face, but he could have sworn it was madame. Satisfied that all was safe, she stooped over the massive grate of an old cellar which they had not seen till then, and thrust her fingers through the bars. Eugene heard a bell ring, then a voice, which she answered with some words in a strange language, and the grate slowly opened inwards. There was a sound of whispers far below, and a red light, which shewed a stone staircase, and the wicked-looking foreigner near its top. The new-comer's foot was on the first step, when Armand, rushing from his hiding-place, seized her by the black robe. Eugene and old Jaques were close behind him, but they caught a gleam of steel in the woman's hand, and, with the sound of a stunning blow, Armand fell back upon them, as the grate banged after her; while Jules, stepping out, flung a box of portable fireworks high into the air, and the next moment they were surrounded by a company of *mousquetaires*. Provided with flambeaux, pickaxes, and crow's, they forced open the grate, and descended, calling on those within to surrender in the king's name. No one replied; and when fairly below, they found it was not a cellar, but a burial-vault—the house above occupying the site of an ancient abbey. There were some score of stone-coffins there; and in the further extremity, a complete furnace, on which a crucible of base metal in a state of fusion still remained; while a coiner's apparatus stood on the lid of one granite coffin, and a forger's tools were left on another. Close by the furnace, another grate opened on a low-arched passage, leading far under houses and cellars to a long ruined mansion on the other side of the faubourg. No individual, coin, or note could be discovered; but after that, there was great and public search made for what was called the Coining Company, whom the secret police had traced through every city in Europe, especially Venice, by the number of counterfeit notes and coins they put in circulation, which were said to have been so well executed, that they deceived the most experienced



bankers. Some of its members were long afterwards taken in the towns of Hungary, but Catherine de Chatalaine was never more heard of. Armand bore the mark of the lady's hand in a deep scar on the brow till his dying day; the surgeon said it must have been inflicted by a Turkish yataghan, and he believed it the chief obstacle to his final conquest of the dowager's daughter. The Hôtel du Bonnevillie lost all its gaiety, and, though a more splendid residence than it had once been, relapsed into the keeping of old Jaques and his wife. The brothers continued to live there, but in a sober fashion, and paid more attention for the rest of their lives to mass and sermons. Armand's hope of inheritance failed with that of Eugene's marriage; for when the inquiry waxed warm in Venice, the private secretary of his Sublime Highness obtained leave to enter a Franciscan convent; and the only light ever thrown on that strange confederacy, was conveyed in the grand vizier's answer to an ambassador's question regarding the convent of St Eustachia: 'It was destroyed, because the Christians learned to make bad sequins there.'

#### DACCA MUSLIN.

We have on former occasions followed with some minuteness the history of cotton-spinning and weaving in our own country. We have now to lead the reader to the spot where this branch of industry appears to be perfectly indigenous, where it has existed in its present state for many centuries—we know not how many, history vouches for sixteen at least—and whence we, in common with other European nations, obtained that knowledge of the art on which we have made such wonderful advances. It is in India, and chiefly on the banks of the Megna, in the province of Dacca, that nature has provided the raw material, and the human organisation in such perfection, that with the rudest and most primitive instruments, such delicate fabrics have been produced as we have been able to rival only by the use of the most various and complicated machinery, improved year after year by all the skill which our scientific men have brought to bear upon it. We are old enough to remember the time when the best of our home-manufactures were so homely, that no muslin but 'real India' was deemed suitable for the higher purposes of a lady's toilet; and yet it appears that very rarely did the finest productions of the Hindoo loom find their way to our shores. They were manufactured exclusively to order for the native princes, who prohibited their subjects, under severe penalties, from disposing of them to any one else; and it has been the decline of the native governments, much more than of the British demand, that has caused these manufactures to fall into comparative decay. Sufficient encouragement, however, is still given by the wealthier natives, to keep the art from falling into disuse; so that the East India Company obtained a collection of very fine specimens for exhibition at the Crystal Palace last year. The opinion of the jurors was, that though wonderful productions under the circumstances, they were deficient in finish, and in the evenness which is the result of our machinery. They took no cognisance of the fact, however—which probably it was not their business to ascertain—that while the 'finish' of our fabrics disappears in the first washing, and they lose more and more of their transparent beauty at every subsequent one, the application of moisture invariably swelling the thread and thickening the muslin, the Dacca fabric continually improves by the same process, and possesses a durability both of beauty and substance of which ours is destitute. We know that the publication of this fact is not for the good of trade; we only desire to whisper it in the ears of our manufacturers, that they have something yet to learn which has been known for ages to the poor Hindoo,

who would not purchase yarn that he found to swell with wetting. We recommend them to study a volume lately published\* by a resident at Dacca, in which all the processes are not only minutely described, but amply illustrated, if so they may obtain any light on this valuable secret. Meanwhile, we shall pass cursorily over the ground, for the information of the general reader.

The plant which yields the cotton of which these fabrics are made is called *photee*. It differs even in outward appearance from the common herbaceous cotton-plant of Bengal (*Gossypium herbaceum*), being more erect, less branched and pubescent, having the lobes of the leaves more pointed, and the whole plant tinged with red. The staple of the cotton also is longer, much finer, and softer. Its favourite *locale* is a tract of land extending about forty miles in length, and, in some places, three in breadth, along the banks of the Megna from Feringyazar. It is cultivated with success in some other parts of the province of Dacca, but all attempts to raise it beyond these limits have failed; nor has there yet been found in any part of the world a variety of cotton to compare with it for the combination of fineness with strength and pliability, though the longer-fibred American is much better adapted for our machinery. Two crops of *photee* may be raised in a year; but that gathered in spring yields the finest produce, its vegetation being less rapid, and therefore stronger, and less liable to swell in bleaching than that which grows during the summer months. The *kapas*—that is, wool with the seeds in it—having been picked from the pods in April and May, is cleaned and prepared by the spinner. She carefully picks out with her fingers any fragments of the leaves, stalks, or capsules of the plant that may be found in it, and then, with the unwearied patience that characterises her race, she sits down to clean the fibre of every separate seed. This is done with the jawbone of the *boalee* fish, which, having small, close, and recurved teeth, acts as a fine comb to remove all extraneous matter, as well as the loose fibres of cotton which are much coarser than those which adhere to the seed. The carding being thus accomplished, she places a small quantity at a time on a smooth, flat board, and rolls an iron pin on it backwards and forwards, in such a manner as gently to detach the fibre from the seeds without crushing them. The cotton is then teased with a small hand-bow made of bamboo, with a cord of catgut, silk, or strong vegetable fibre. The centre-piece of this bow, in which the cotton is placed, has two elastic and movable slips of bamboo within it, and by increasing or diminishing the tension of the cord, they are drawn out or pushed back. The cotton thus reduced to the state of light, downy fleece, is spread out and lapped round a thick roller; and when this is withdrawn, it is pressed between two flat boards. It is then rolled round a piece of lacquered reed of the size of a quill; and lastly, it is deposited in a piece of the soft skin of the *cuchia* fish, to keep it clean.

The skill of the Hindoo women in spinning the wool thus prepared is almost incredible. They seem to have a delicacy of touch superior to any nation on the face of the earth; and so nicely is this calculated, that when the finest thread is wanted, it is committed only to women under thirty years of age. The whole apparatus consists of the roll of cotton already described, a delicate spindle of iron or bamboo, a piece of shell embedded in clay to rest it on, and a piece of chalk to keep the fingers dry. The spinner, seated on the ground, holds in her left hand the roll of cotton, and in her right the spindle, in an inclined position, its lower point resting on the shell. Now she twirls it between thumb and finger, drawing out the filaments

\* The Cotton Manufacture of Dacca. By a Former Resident. London: John Mortimer.

from the mass, and at the same time twisting them into yarn on the spindle. A certain degree of humidity, with a temperature of about 82 degrees Fahrenheit, is the atmospheric condition most favourable to this process; for too great heat or dryness prevents the attenuation of the filaments. The finest yarn, therefore, is spun early in the morning, while the dew is yet on the grass; and if this be wanting, a shallow vessel of water is placed under the spinner's left hand, and the evaporation supplies the requisite moisture.

When a certain quantity is spun, it is wound from the spindle upon a reed. It is either sold privately to *paikars* (agents), who go round the villages to buy it for the weavers, or is carried to the weekly markets and annual fairs. The finest brings 8 rupees per *tola*—that is, about 16s. for 180 grains troy. The native weavers usually judge of the fineness of the yarn by the eye alone. The only mode there appears to be of ascertaining it by weight and measure, requires such delicate manipulation, that few except the operatives themselves can perform it. The standard quality of the yarn used in the manufacture of the court muslins, is said to have been about forty yards to a grain; but much finer is sometimes made. 'A skein,' says our author, 'which a native weaver measured in my presence in 1846, and which was afterwards carefully weighed, proved to be in the proportion of upwards of 250 miles to the pound of cotton.'

It is almost impossible for the weaver to obtain, of exactly uniform quality, enough of yarn for a web. He therefore reserves for the woof a sufficient quantity of the finest, and prepares that for the warp, by steeping it for three days in water, which is changed twice a day. It is then reeled into skeins of convenient size, which are steeped in water, and tightly twisted between two sticks, after which it is left to dry in the sun. The next process is to untwist the skeins, and put them for two days into water, mixed with fine charcoal powder, lamp-black, or soot. Again they are rinsed in clear water, wrung out, and dried in the shade. After another night's steeping, the yarn is spread on a flat board, and rubbed over with a starch made of parched rice. Now it is wound on large reels, dried quickly in the sun, and sorted for warping. The finest is put on the right-hand side of the web, the second quality on the left, and the coarsest in the centre. The warping is performed in the open air upon rods of bamboo driven into the ground, the weaver walking among them with a wheel of yarn in each of his hands, and crossing the threads between each pair of rods. The yarn for the woof is not prepared till two days before it is to be used, and only a sufficient quantity for one day's work undergoes at a time the processes of steeping, reeling, sizing, and drying.

The Indian loom is horizontal, and is said to resemble that used by the ancient Egyptians. At Dacca, it is always erected under a roof; its lateral standards are four bamboo posts firmly fixed in the ground. They are connected above by side-pieces supporting the transverse rods, to which the slings of the lay or batten, and the balances of the heddles, are attached. The warp, wound on the end-roll (or yarn-beam), and having the reed and heddles attached to it, is brought to the loom and fixed to the breast-roll (cloth-beam) by a small slip of bamboo passed through the loops of the warp, and received in a longitudinal groove in the beam. Both the end and breast rolls rest either in scooped shoulder-posts, or in strong looped cords attached to the four lateral standards. As the Hindoo knows nothing of stool, chair, or other seat than the ground, he digs a hole a foot and a half deep, into which he sinks his bamboo treadles.

According to the Hindoo institutions, weaving is the sole and legitimate business of the Tantees, one of the nine pure castes of Sudras, though many others have encroached on their trade. A certain number of the

kamar or blacksmith class devote themselves to the manufacture of the shuttles, which are made of the light wood of the betel-nut tree, and pointed with iron. The reeds are made of fine slips of bamboo, firmly fixed between ribs of split cane, the finest reed used containing 2800 dents in a length of 40 inches. The reedmakers are a gipsy-like tribe of low caste, living all the year round in boats on the rivers. The reels and other implements are manufactured by those whose business it is to work in bamboo. They are sold, like the yarn, at the fairs and markets. The whole cost of the weaving apparatus amounts to about ten shillings!

When all things are ready, the weaver sits down on a mat, with the right leg bent under him, and the left in the hole where the treadles lie. Pressing one of these with his great toe, and thus forming the shed in the warp above, he passes the shuttle from one hand to the other, and strikes home each shot of the weft with the lay. Though slender and delicate his form, yet his fine sensibility of touch, his nice perception of weight, and that singular command of muscle, by which he uses his toes almost as effectively as his fingers, enable him to produce the most delicate fabric with appliances which would scarcely serve the rigid and clumsy fingers of a European to weave a piece of canvas.

The same condition of the atmosphere necessary for fine spinning is that most suitable for weaving; the morning and afternoon are, therefore, in like manner, chosen for the work, and the finest muslins must be made during about three months from the middle of May. If the weather is very hot and dry, shallow vessels of water are placed under the threads of the warp, to keep them from breaking, which has given rise to the report, that the muslin is sometimes woven under water. The muslins are plain, striped, checked, or figured; and are distinguished by various names indicative of their texture, origin, or use. The finest plain fabric now manufactured is *mumul khas* (literally, made or reserved for royal use), in imitation of which we have long woven what is called among us mull muslin. It was a specimen of this—ten yards long by one broad, and valued at L.10—that occupied the centre place in the collection which was exhibited at the Crystal Palace. It contained 1800 threads in the warp, weighed 3 oz. 2 dwts. 14 grs. troy, and was described as so delicate, that it would pass easily through the smallest finger-ring. On the first display of these fabrics on the 21st May, we are told by a journal of the day, 'they excited the special wonder and admiration of Her Majesty and Prince Albert,' who, it appears, did not perceive the want of 'finish.' 'The Queen, with her intuitive perception of the graceful, expressed her surprise that, with such opportunities of suitable personal decoration, English ladies should persevere in disfiguring themselves with the stiff material which now goes to the construction of dresses.' We could tell her one reason. A lady may now have for two shillings a yard a British muslin, which looks as well as the Indian at twenty, and, indeed, better to him who has an eye only to the 'finish.' Besides, the taste of the day is for the massive; and if one of our countrywomen did deign to appear in a dress which might be mistaken for a twenty-penny muslin, she would deem it necessary to wear beneath it a slip of satin so rich that, as the vulgar say, it might stand alone. Not so the Oriental beauty. She multiplies skirt upon skirt—*pang*, as she calls it—of her beautiful muslin, till the ends of decorum are answered—the only ones which dress is required to serve in her sunny clime. We have read of an Indian prince who found fault with the inadequacy of his daughter's dress in this respect; and it was urged in the young lady's justification, that she had on five *pangs*. We doubt if three times that number of such material would be deemed decent in England even for an opera-dancer. But to return.

As though nature would leave nothing wanting to the perfection of this elegant manufacture, there are several tracts of country where the water, according to the testimony of several old writers, has been for ages celebrated for giving peculiar whiteness to the cloths washed in it. Such a property is now attributed to the wells at Naraindeah, where the bleaching of Dacca muslins is principally carried on. The finer kinds are exempted from the process of beating on a board, which is the Hindoo mode of washing all less delicate fabrics. After steeping in pure water, in large semicircular vessels of earthenware, they are *bucked*—that is, immersed for some hours in an alkaline lye, composed of native soap and impure carbonate of soda. They are then *crofted*—that is, kept on the grass in a wet state for some time, and steamed after a peculiar fashion. Each piece is twisted in the form of a loose bundle, and a number are piled one above another to the height of five or six feet on the top of an earthen vessel furnished with a wide mouth, and containing eight or ten gallons of water. A fire is kindled below this boiler, and the steam rising through its mouth is diffused through the mass of cloth above. For ten or twelve days, these processes are repeated—bucking and crofting during the day, and steaming during the night. After the last steaming, they are steeped in clear water acidulated with lime-juice. The bleachers are all Hindoos of the *dhoobes* (washermen) caste.

After bleaching, the muslins are delivered wet to *nurdoochs*, who comb them—that is, arrange the threads that may have been displaced in the bleaching, drawing lightly over them an instrument formed of the spines of the nagplunee plant (*Cactus Indicus*). They are then transferred to *rufugars*, or darners, a very exclusive class of Mohammedan workmen, who display a degree of dexterity with the needle almost equal to that of the Hindoos at the loom. They remove weavers' knots, join threads that may have broken, and form the gold and silver headings to each piece. If a coarse thread is discovered in the warp, an expert *rufugar* can extract the whole length of twenty yards, and replace it with one of the finest quality. After every damage has been repaired, and every blemish removed, the muslins are beetled with smooth *chank* shells on a block of tamarind wood, rice-water being sprinkled over them during the operation. They are then ironed between sheets of paper by *istrawallahs*, who are also Mohammedans.

The usual dimensions of all webs, except those of the finest mull, are twenty yards in length by one in breadth. One end of the piece is generally fringed, four or five threads of the warp being twisted together and knotted, as is the case with the mummy-cloths of Egypt. The preparation of the warp-thread occupies two men about thirty days, and the weaving of a twenty-yard piece sixty days; one being employed in plying the shuttle, the other in preparing the daily quantum of yarn and attending to the loom. When the time of the spinner, the bleacher, the darrer, and the ironer, is added, we no longer wonder either at the high price of the muslin, or the fact, that an order requires to be given five or six months before the time that the goods are wanted.

The last operation we have to describe is packing. To an Englishman, the word at once suggests deal-boxes, if not nails and cords besides. Not at all. In the palmy days of the Mogul Empire, when a certain quantity of muslin formed part of the emperor's tribute, a sufficient number of bamboo-canes, about eighteen inches long and one in diameter, were handsomely lacquered and gilded; into each of these was packed a piece of muslin twenty or two and twenty yards long. These cylindrical cases, like all other articles intended as offerings to the emperor, were paraded in great state through the streets of the town to the residence of the Nawaub before being forwarded to Delhi. So

we read in Tavernier, that when Mohammed Ali Beg returned to Persia from India, he presented the king with a cocoa-nut shell studded with pearls, on opening which there was found within a turban of India muslin sixty cubits long.

In addition, however, to what the Mogul sovereigns received in the shape of presents, they maintained establishments at Dacca, Sanargong, Junglebaree, and Bazetpore, for the manufacture of mull muslins for the royal wardrobe at Delhi. The most expert weavers in the province were selected for these factories, and superintended with great strictness, in order that no thread should be used except that approved as of standard quality. The court also monopolised much that was manufactured in the weavers' own dwellings, and, as we have already mentioned, forbade the disposal of the finer qualities to persons of inferior rank. The East India Company, also, had long a depot at Dacca, to which their agents brought the goods which they had collected from weavers throughout the country; and in order to secure which, to the exclusion of private merchants and foreign factories, they advanced a great part of the money on condition of receiving the muslins within a stipulated time. This establishment was closed in 1817, and India muslin has since been gradually disappearing from among us.

#### TRIALLVILLE AND MODERN TIMES.

ALL knowledge is valuable, and so may a little information about Triallville and Modern Times—two Yankee cities that have sprung up of late—the one in Ohio, and the other in the neighbourhood of New York. They are of too recent origin to find a place as yet in the map or the gazetteer, and their names are too odd-looking ever to become familiar appellatives, though sober contributions to geography compared with the great mass of curious names with which Jonathan is filling up his maps. Nearly every name is strange at first; and people will get accustomed to Triallville and Modern Times, as they have got accustomed to New Town, Old Castle, Cam Bridge, or Ox Ford.

The founder of these two cities (*N.B.*, the smallest plurality of houses is called a *city* in America) is the Hon. Josiah Warren, of Indiana, at one time a believer in Robert Owen, and a quondam citizen of New Harmony, Mr Owen's 'Paradise Regained' in the Far West. Of this place, nothing more need be said than what Robert Owen himself said of it—that it worked as well as a steam-engine would work, of which the cylinder had been set up, and the builders failed to command the funds to put in the piston. Mr Warren's experience of New Harmony cured him of Socialism, or at least of Owenism, as the true science of society.

Still he believed that there was such a thing as a science of society, and, consequently, such a thing as a fundamental, controlling law of social life, which, if discovered, would enable men to direct the energies of humanity to an appropriate destiny. Very true; but it does not appear that such a law either has been discovered, or is discoverable by abstract speculation. Society can only advance by the light of *experience*; and only at a certain stage of experience will the full majesty, simplicity, and efficiency, of the great social law develop itself. Like many wiser men, Mr Warren believes that he has discovered it, but what a poor figure their discoveries make when they come to be clearly defined and analysed! To be sure, Mr Warren restricts his discovery to the labour problem. He enters the field as a political economist rather than as a Socialist, and merely lays down the law of equitable



commerce, not the law of social progress and harmony. What is that law? Mr Warren has, we believe, expounded it himself in a recent work which we have not seen; but we have had an opportunity of examining another work on the subject by a gentleman named Stephen Pearl Andrews, a zealous and eloquent apostle of the system. From his statements, we learn that they seek the principle of social prosperity, not in what is called Socialism or Communism, but in the very opposite *ism* called 'Individualism.' This doctrine, though 'as old as creation' as a potential idea, was first developed and appropriated as the fundamental basis of a system of the universe, by William Maccall, in his *Elements of Individualism*, a work of singular originality, though not free from the fancies and eccentricities which frequently accompany true genius. Mr Warren has adopted this doctrine of individualism, and made a specific application of it to political economy, with the view of evolving the true principle of equitable commerce. The application is perfectly legitimate; but the formula in which it is embodied, or, as we may express it, the particular shape which the application assumes, does not strike us as being either important or correct. The 'five points' of the new system are stated to be:—1. Individuality; 2. The sovereignty of each individual; 3. Cost the limit of price; 4. A circulating medium, founded on the cost of labour; 5. Adaptation of the supply to the demand. 'Individuality' is the fundamental principle of the system, and 'cost the limit of price' is the economical formula which is to revolutionise the commercial world. On this head, Mr Andrews remarks: 'It is capable of satisfactory demonstration, that out of the adoption of a simple change in the commercial system of the world, by which cost and not value shall be recognised as the limit of price, will grow, legitimately, all the wealth-producing, equitable, co-operating, and harmonising results which Socialism has hitherto sought to realise through the combination or amalgamation of interests; while, at the same time, it will leave intact the individualities of existing society, and even promote them to an extent not hitherto conceived of.'

This is a fair promise: we must next look out for its performance. This societary theory has become a societary fact, and it is as such that we call attention to it. Trialville and Modern Times are realities. The former contains as yet only about twenty families, or 100 inhabitants, having a present prospect of a pretty rapid increase of numbers. Another village upon the same principle is about being organised in the vicinity of New York. The second village here referred to is Modern Times, which has come into being since the date of this quotation. Though too young to be noticed in books, it already furnishes its items of information to the New York papers. They have room for any quantity of such experimental cities in America; and it is astonishing to see how quietly such nonconforming communities take their place and run their career in the general current of life as it flows there. A description of this infant Utopia will both interest the reader and explain in the most palpable form the meaning of the cost principle.

The city of Modern Times is situated on Long Island, about forty miles from New York. It consists of a large tract of level arable land, upon which are erected a few houses—brick, frame, and log—of various sizes. The city plot, a pretty extensive one, is surveyed in lots of one acre each, and the price is inflexibly twenty dollars. There is no speculation; it is a 'fixed-price' city. Buy now, or five years hence, and your acre will cost you twenty dollars, which is exactly what the land cost; the only addition will be the cost of survey and title. If you go to live in Modern Times, everything you wish to buy—house, furniture, clothing, food, everything—will be sold you at cost. The principle upon which the city is begun is, that

every man charges a fair price for his labour, but no profit. You buy shoes at the cost of the material, *plus* the labour of making them. Every man abjures all desire or design to overreach his neighbour. Price is valued by labour, and labour is valued by time and trouble. Every man is thus satisfied with a 'fair day's wage for a fair day's work.' The most disagreeable work claims the highest remuneration. Washerwomen, shoeblacks, and scavengers, constitute the aristocracy of Modern Times; while lawyers, clergymen, and *littérateurs*, are at the foot of the scale. Quantity of work, not quality, rules the market at Modern Times. The hands carry it over the heads. For ourselves, therefore, should we ever emigrate to America, we must eschew Modern Times, unless we can make up our mind to turn ox-driver instead of quill-driver. And yet, if they allow each man to measure the amount of his own repugnance to his own work, we might fare there as well as our neighbours. It must be noted, too, as an inconsistency in a system which seeks to beatify labour, that the more beatify the labour, the less valuable is the estimate put upon it. So far the Modern Times people seem to be Fourierists; but Fourierism is not the basis of their system. They do not believe in combined labour or combined interests: every man stands on his own individuality in thinking and working. He is given to understand, that not only is he to mind his own business, but strenuously to let other people's alone. Every one must take care of himself; the community, as such, takes no charge of him. Providence is the business of the individual, not of the society. There is no arrangement for drones; there is no chance for profit, pickings, or plunder. They adopt the maxim: 'If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' Clearly, if Modern Times can only guarantee the industry and honesty of each of its citizens, it will both thrive and live to be Ancient Times; and the same may be said of every community.

There is really nothing more in the practical aspect of the system. The same guarantees will insure the same success everywhere. The system is right in seeking the law of social order in Individualism; it is right in discarding benevolence, and in accepting selfishness as the motive-power of social progress. Social destiny must be conditioned upon a universal and ineradicable tendency, such as the latter sentiment is, and the former is not. Moreover, as a progress principle, the latter lies at the basis of society, while the former is one of its culminating attributes. This is a fact not to be evaded; and what is wanted, therefore—the legitimisation of individuality and selfhood, their economisation as social forces, and their subjection to such regulations as will naturally and necessarily secure 'equitable commerce.' It is in this direction that social reformers should direct their labours. Benevolence shews well as one of the Christian graces, but it cuts a poor figure as a prime social force.

Mr Warren is also said to be the author of a discovery in art which, if correct, will do more to render his own name distinguished, and to benefit mankind, than his discoveries in social science. He has discovered that the silicious earth of the mother-soil around him, as dug from the ground, may be mixed with shell-lac and other ingredients, in proportions which he has fixed, so as to become a type-material as solid as metal, of sharper edge, and more enduring. This earth exists in untold quantities in Indiana. Mixed with the other ingredients, and cast into sheets ready for use by the stereotyper, it does not cost a tithe of the price of type-metal. By this process, though every man cannot yet become his own printer, he can become his own stereotyper. Mr Warren takes copies of all his own works by this method, and stores away his stereotype plates at as little expense and trouble as taking an impression on paper. The invention is much talked of in America. A good deal of printing has already been done with

it at Washington, and the Smithsonian Institute is adopting it for its great catalogue of American libraries. So far, it promises well. If individuality be a principle of any power, the press, and whatever tends to improve it, are the most efficient promoters of individuality.

### CONFESSIONS OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

We have lately been a little amused, and not a little instructed, by a literary work of more utility than pretence. The individuals it is addressed to are not of high station, either social or intellectual; and they are not very numerous, we trust, as a body; but the lesson it inculcates is of universal applicability, and requires only a few circumstantial modifications to come home to the business and bosoms of us all. The author is an ex-player—or rather an ex-aspirant; for the lofty object of his ambition—the legitimate stage—always retreated before him as he advanced in his pilgrimage towards it, till at length he turned back in despair. So sick is he of the pursuit, that he has adopted the prosaic name of Paterson for his title-page, although in all probability 'Montmorency,' 'Clinton,' 'Percy,' or some other high-sounding vocable, was his designation in the bills. We cannot congratulate him on possessing high autobiographical talent, nor can we felicitate him on the external aspect of his work, which, in truth, consists of three indifferently printed twopenny numbers; but having arrived at conviction, from internal evidence, of the authenticity of the narrative, we are not anxious about other matters.

Mr Paterson was in the possession of an income that almost procured for him the privilege of paying the income-tax, when, in an evil hour, his employer rebuked him for some blunder, caused no doubt by his dramatic propensities, and he forthwith resolved to betake himself to the buskin. Hamlet was modestly selected as his first part, and Paisley, with less assurance, was fixed on as the locality for his debut.

'About seven o'clock on the awful evening, I arrived at the theatre, and for the first time was ushered into the dressing-room. Dressing-room!—there was only one used in common by all the gentlemen of the company. . . . Here was my Laertes apologising for the want of his only shirt, which had not come from the washerwoman in time. Seated in a corner, the kind-hearted Paddy W—, as he got into the costume of the king, was bewailing the loss of an *illigant* pair of tights and a quantity of boots, which had gone the way of all theatrical properties in a bad season at Clonmel. W—, the renowned "buster," was beseeching a novice for the loan of his coat. Polonius was dressed from my wardrobe. Indeed, the only comfortable person as to costume was A—, the low comedian, who was lending, for a consideration, dresses to his more needy brethren.'

Mr Paterson, when he faced the audience, was unable to utter a word, owing to stage-fright, and was thereupon hissed. This failure at the outset did not scare him from his new profession, but it satisfied him that before climbing 'the heights where fame's proud temple shines afar,' it would be politic to familiarise himself with the lower altitudes of the drama. Accordingly, he sojourned for a season at Greenock, taking his share of what are technically denominated 'the second and third utilities.' Subsequently, he took his departure for Ayrshire, joining the scene-painter and one or two more of the company in a joint-stock speculation. Wherever he went, our author's commercial habits never forsook him; and we have a weekly-return of receipts in the 'land of Burns,' given with an exactitude worthy of Mr Joseph Hume: 'We generally played in the large room of a public-house, and our receipts were poor indeed, averaging generally from six to sixteen shillings per night, out of which travelling expenses, living expenses, printing expenses, and theatrical expenses, had to be

paid. Our receipts for the first week were:—Monday, 8s.; Wednesday, 5s.; Thursday, 4s. 6d.; Saturday, 20s.—making a grand total of 37s. 6d. And when this fell to be divided among five people, after deducting a necessary and paid expenditure of some 2s. 6d. for candles, &c., it left us about 7s. per head to live upon, which any reader not actually destitute of arithmetical perception, will find gives an average of 1s. per day. I leave it to economists, social and political, to say how such a salary ought to be expended.'

Mr Paterson in due time found his way to English ground, and failing in obtaining an appointment in a regular theatre, he accepted an engagement in a booth at Birkenhead. 'The company,' says he, 'was numerous, and quite *au fait* to their business; and business in a booth is quite different from business in a theatre. Things go off with the rapidity of lightning—Richard runs his wicked career, and gets killed off-hand in twenty minutes. A piece follows, with a couple of good combats, a comic song, a dance, and a screaming farce, and the performances are over for a time. In this way, especially on a Saturday night, is audience after audience entertained; and tired with their tremendous exertions, the wearied company, after pocketing their share—this speculation was also co-operative—retire to rest as they best may.' The author gives an accurate statement of the share system as it obtained in this establishment, the average receipts of which were eight or nine pounds per diem. Mr H— was the lion of the booth, and shared accordingly, as will be seen from the following scheme for the allotment of profits:—1 share for Mr H— as manager; 1 share as actor; 2 shares as proprietor; 1 share for tear and wear; 1 share for properties, &c.—total, 6 shares for Mr H—; 4 shares for ladies; 7 shares for gentlemen; 1 share for odd man; 1 share for supernumeraries; 1 share for two horses; 3 shares for band. Total, 23 shares.

Mr Paterson performed three weeks with this peripatetic company, and realised some twenty-five shillings a week. This was very comfortable—nay, luxurious. But what he sought was something more than hot suppers and pots of porter. The dream of his youthful ambition was still in the distance, and he longed for a connection with a regular licensed temple, where Richard could command the elbow-room of five acts. There was, however, no opening, and he had to accept an engagement in the circus of Mr Pablo Fanque, whose Ethiopian acuteness detected the seeds of genius in the aspirant; and he was not only promoted to a Clownship, but appointed to compile dramatic pieces for the hippodrome. But even saw-dust honours could not satisfy Mr Paterson.

'After a time, when the novelty of my clownship began to decay, I felt again a restless desire for change; and although my position was tolerably comfortable, I resolved on leaving, and once more endeavouring to get a position on the regular boards. The Clown, although he appears a very funny fellow in the circus, has his sorrows—and his position entails on him a great many disagreeables that the public wot not of. His exertions at rehearsal are as great as those of any of the other performers; and he has to be on the constant rack for new jests and anecdotes: these have all to be arranged with the Ring-master; and if you hit upon a few really good ones, and get a volley of laughter—all your reward—you obtain as a counter-balance the malicious envy of the other Clowns, and the disagreeable *chaff* of the rest.'

The metropolis was now tried, but in vain. 'I had come up to London at the wrong time for an engagement. It was a very hot summer, and few of the theatres were open. Week after week was passing on, and my stock of cash was fleeing rapidly away, but no engagement came. It was in vain that I rushed to the "Sporting Bear" every Friday evening, to read the first

edition of the *Era*. It was equally in vain that I rushed with like celerity to my lodgings, to write to all the theatres which I saw about to open—no engagement came. Letter after letter was sent: it was a mere waste of postage. At last, I was about to give up—I was at my last guinea, when an advertisement caught my eye from—the agent. It was 7s. 6d. dead before the great man would say one word to me; but at last I was made happy—an engagement was offered, and it almost took away my breath. A town in Essex was the spot, Crosby was the manager, utility was the business, and 15s. per week was the salary. I packed up, rushed to the station, booked myself for Romford; and after a walk of two miles, I got in safety to the place; but the manager had found it convenient, after a few days' experience, to make his exit from the cares of management, and visit London in search of novelty, as he said, but as it occurred to me, in search of a hiding-place. . . . I returned, and again waited on—, and told him what had happened. He swore roundly; but turning up his book, told me in the most patronising manner that he had something fine for me. 'Egad, my friend, you're in luck. Off with you to the Turnham Green Theatre—second low comedy, a guinea a week, and sure as the bank.' Mr Paterson walked in one hour and a half to Turnham Green, and entering a public-house, boldly inquired for the theatre. 'The what?' exclaimed Boniface. 'No such place here. If it is the booth you want, you will find it standing on the green behind.' Mr Paterson was determined to abide by the 'legitimate,' and he eschewed an engagement at the booth; but while luxuriating behind the scenes of the Turnham-Green establishment, he came in contact with a starving dramatic countryman, whose plaint of woe was couched in terms somewhat whimsical. His reminiscences ran on those pieces where viands are introduced. 'Ah, my dear boy, what a capital play that sheep's-head play is. Dear me, what's this they call it? Ah, I recollect—*Cyranoid Brig*. How I did delight in it! The sheep's head is a delicious morsel. And then—O yes, I remember it well—the haggis affair in Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*. And to be sure, we have a capital piece here, with a leg of mutton in it—*No Song No Supper*.'

The agent was annoyed beyond measure at the return of the 'Scotch ghost,' as Mr Paterson had been designated by—'s visitors, and at length a feasible place was announced. Our author is pleased to describe it after this abrupt style. 'An engagement, 18s. a week—Beesham—Dodger—Great Western Railway—Oxford—Coach—Beesham—Letter—start-to-day.' Mr Paterson started without loss of time. 'I got,' says he, 'to Oxford per rail after going by mistake to a station pretty near Exeter. I had alighted at the Didcot junction, and after waiting a long time, I jumped into a train, fancying it was for Oxford, and did not discover my error till I had been an hour or so on my way, when thinking that it was high time for me to be at the city of learning, I made a polite inquiry of a civil-looking gentleman as to the reason of our being so long in reaching Oxford. His only reply was a broad and not very well-bred stare. "Oxford!" said he: "why, you are far past the junction, and on your way to Exeter; and in a short time we will be there." This was a sad blow and heavy discouragement to a poor player, with a very light purse in the pocket of a very thin pair of breeches. There was no help, however; and springing out at the first station, I sat me down and awaited the next up-train. I had bitter thoughts whilst I thus sat. I saw that the golden dreams I had indulged in were slow in their realisation; and the knocking about in the profession which had already come to my share, was considerable. Having had some little cash in my pocket, I had not been so well starved as some who had been tossed about on the stroller's sea of adventure; but I saw quite enough of the miseries of the profession, to

enable me to imbibe a strong distaste as to the dark side of the picture. . . . It was forty miles to Beesham, a good walk, but a really pleasant one; and the blackberries and road-side fruit were very plentiful, a circumstance not to be sneezed at by the poor stroller. I trudged manfully along with my sword over my shoulder, on which was slung a bundle containing a small supply of necessaries. It cost me about a couple of shillings for sustenance during the way, and at length, wearied and foot-sore, I arrived at Beesham. I was well stared at by the inhabitants, who turned out in clusters to look at me. "He belongs to the show-folk," was the universal cry. . . . I inquired for the theatre. No one had heard of it—it was not come yet—Dodger was not even expected, but he might be coming for all that.'

Mr Dodger was at Shipston-on-Stour, a distance of fourteen miles, and to this place the hapless wight had to proceed on foot. He encountered the great man, whom he did not know, on the street, and made inquiry of him as to the locality of the Shipston temple of tragedy.

'He scanned me all over, and then raising his hat with much politeness, but with considerable formality, asked: "Do I look like a player?"'

"No, you certainly do not, said I: "I presume you are a farmer or country gentleman."

"Nay, you flatter me; but welcome to Shipston. My name is Dodger, sir; and I have trod the boards with the immortal John Kemble, sir; I have fenced with the great Kean, sir; I was the pet of the renowned Dora Jordan, sir; and here am I, not too much like a player neither. I am here, sir, with my family—all clever, sir, and all of them useful."

The Dodger family turned out to be strong in number. There were, the father and mother, a son and his wife, a daughter and her husband, an unmarried daughter, a married daughter, husband not acknowledged. The balance consisted of Mr and Mrs Wood, and the author. Like some other geniuses, the Dodger family thought themselves privileged to neglect the practice of the smaller virtues, such as humanity and honesty. Mr Paterson played one night at Shipston, and then prepared for departure to Beesham. 'The scenery was taken down, the traps were packed on a wagon, and the strollers commenced their stroll. The superiors rode in a spring-van, and the rest in the wagon, while I walked the whole distance. None of them had the civility to give me a cast forward on either vehicle, but I kept on as manfully as possible. The distance by the road we took would be fully twenty miles, and I had but three-half-pence in my pocket, which I spent on dry bread by the way; and this, with various drinks of water, formed the whole nourishment for this rather long pedestrian undertaking—long enough in all conscience for a poor half-starved actor of all-work.'

The Dodgers were not punctual in the matter of payment. Mr Paterson, with his usual exemplary accuracy, gives an abstract of his cash-book, *quoad* his receipts from the family in question, and which contains fourteen entries; but as it is not probable that our readers will exact from us anything like similar minuteness, we shall content ourselves by recording, that from July 6 to October 3, the 'total' amounted to L.3, 5s. 6d.—a small remuneration, as the narrator truly observes, 'for more than three months' labour, including two journeys, of sixty miles each, to and from Beesham.' The rigid financial system pursued by the Dodgers gradually extinguished the lamp of Mr Paterson's theatrical enthusiasm. 'I was rapidly getting starved out of my romantic notions of being a great actor, and yet I felt no diminution of what I conceived to be my talent for the representation and delineation of character. But having to go day after day without anything like adequate food, with the consciousness of looking disreputable in the shabby-genteel coat which



circumstances force one to adopt, soon deadens all exuberance of feeling, as well as quenches any glow of enthusiasm which might prompt one to aim high, and seek a first-rate position on the boards.\*

And so Mr Paterson forsook the boards, and walked no more on the stage of mimic life. We thank him for the amusement and instruction he has afforded us in this account of his adventures; and in return, we will make him a present of a lesson, which he may find useful in the new profession of literature to which he has betaken himself as a *pis-aller*. We beg to assure Mr Paterson, and all whom it may concern, that it is quite as difficult for one who is unprepared and unendowed to become a legitimate author as to become a legitimate player.

## EXTRACT FROM A LOG.

It may be supposed at first sight that this article is out of place here from its technicality; but we consider it so remarkable and so suggestive a document, that we cannot prevail upon ourselves to change a single word. It is a genuine extract from one of the sea-records called 'logs,' and exhibits, under circumstances of the most trying description, a fortitude, a perseverance, a fertility in expedients, and a cool intrepidity, far beyond the wildest inventions of romance. It is the log of the bark *Columbia*, of Newcastle, John Ramsay, master, 633 tons register, navigated by a crew of twenty-one men, on her passage from Newcastle to Bombay.

'Dec. 29th 1851.—1 A.M., strong breezes from the S.E., and passing showers. 8 A.M., heavy squalls carried away the main-topmast backstays; heavy sea from the S.E. 10 A.M., heavy squalls of wind; close-reefed the top-sails, furled the main-sail: threatening appearance of bad weather; sent down the royal-yards. Noon, gale increasing, with tremendous gusts of wind, and every appearance of a hurricane; in foresail and topmast-staysail, and brought the ship to on the port tack. Crew employed in securing the sails, lashing the anchors, boats, and spars. 2 P.M., found the head-rails started, put lashings of chain and rope upon them. 4 P.M., blowing a complete hurricane; the sea making a complete breach over all; ship plunging and straining heavily; put a shore-chronometer and compass below, expecting every sea to sweep the decks. 6 P.M., tremendous hurricane; both top-sails blew out of the bolt-ropes; attempted to set the main-trysail, which blew away also. Ship lying in the trough of the sea, and rolling very heavily; put a cloth of canvas up the mizzen rigging, to keep the ship to the wind. 7 P.M., the wind lulled suddenly, with a clear sky overhead. 8 P.M., the wind veered suddenly round from the S.E. to the N.W. with redoubled fury, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and heavy rain; the foretopgallant-sail got adrift, and blew to pieces. 9 P.M., ship on her beam-ends; expecting the masts to go over the side every minute. 10 P.M., a tremendous sea broke on board, carried away a great quantity of bulwark and rails, with boats, booms, spare spars, stancions, cook-house, and wheel-house—everything adrift on the deck. Made an attempt to secure the boats in the lee-gangway, but found it impossible, the ship rolling so heavily and the night so dark. The decks and cabin filled with water, and several of the men hurt by the wreck rolling about the decks; carpenter sounded the pumps, and found three feet water in the hold. Midnight, still blowing a tremendous hurricane; sounded the pumps, and found five feet water; obliged to summon all hands, including the sick, to the pumps, to make an effort to save the ship till daylight, as the water was gaining rapidly.

'Dec. 30th.—3 A.M., the wind lulled, the sea running very heavy, the ship lying in the trough of the sea, completely buried in the water. Found it necessary to clear the decks of the wreck, as we could not work the pumps efficiently. Secured the boats, and found two

planks of the midship-deck torn up with the stancions giving way, and the rest of the main-deck started. A great quantity of water going into the ship by these openings. Got spare sails up, and battened down the whole of the main-deck; sounded the pumps, and found nine feet water in the ship, which is now in a sinking state. 8 A.M., weather moderating, and sea falling rapidly; sounded the pumps, and found nine feet six inches water. Pumped from 8½ to 3 o'clock P.M., and found seven feet water in the hold. From 4 P.M. to 8 A.M. on the 31st Dec., kept the pumps going, and found five and a half feet water in the ship. Fine weather. Pumped from 2 P.M. to 8 P.M., when we succeeded in getting the water all out. Remainder of the night, ship making only her usual quantity of water. Proceeded on the voyage; lat. 20° 28' S., long. 66° 18' E.'

This vessel, we have only to add, arrived safely at her destination. The storm she encountered raged over a very extensive area; many vessels were entirely dismantled in it; and in all probability the logs of not a few could furnish evidence as striking as the above of the intrepidity of British seamen, who, notwithstanding all their knowledge of their profession, seem to find it impossible to learn when it is time to despair.

## A RIDE ON THE RAIL WITH THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.\*

It is commonly said, that a jest-book is the duller of all books to read; but if we may judge by the quick succession of addenda demanded by *The Laird of Logan*, this one seems to be an exception to its class. Its anecdotes throw here and there considerable light upon the national manners among the lower ranks of society. We have neither time nor patience to ransack a work of this kind for fitting specimens, but the following random extracts will give some notion of the nature of the contents:—

## OBEDIENT WIVES.

The people of Greenock, and other places along the coast, are fond of telling stories reflecting on the inland ignorance of the 'bodies' of Paisley. One of these is to the following effect:—Two corks, newly sprung into affluence, were prevailed upon by their wives to allow them to pay a visit to Gourock; but only on condition that they were to employ their time well, and take plenty of the salt-water. Having accompanied their spouses to that village, and seen them properly accommodated, the two gentlemen returned to business, and did not appear again for a week, when, observing a surprising apparent decrease in the volume of the ocean, owing to the recess of the tide, one remarked to the other: 'Gosh, Jamie, the jauds hae dune weel!'

## HOSPITALITY OF THE MANSE.

A certain worthy clergyman in the north, whose disposition was to be as much given to hospitality as his more frugal and painstaking helpmate would at times permit, was called upon one afternoon by a reverend gentleman. As they had been fellow-students together, and had passed their examinations before the same presbytery, they had, of course, a large collection of past events to discuss. One tumbler, therefore, followed another, and each tumbler brought along with it a new series of interesting reminiscences, till the time arrived when it was fit the stranger should mount and proceed on his way. This, however, was a proposal which the kind landlord, whose heart was now awakened to all the pleasurable feelings of sociality, would not listen to; and in spite of all the nods, winks, dark looks, and other silent but significant intimations which the married have the peculiar gift of secretly communicating to each other, he insisted, much to the chagrin of his helpmate, that his friend should remain with them for the night. This arrangement being effected, supper made its appearance, and was, as usual, followed by another tumbler, by way of a sleeping-draught. As a prelude to

\* *Trip I., Trip II., Trip III.; with Supplement.* David Robertson. Glasgow. 1852.

their parting for the night, the good dame was now asked by her husband to bring in the family Bible. On her retiring to perform this duty, their guest took the opportunity of slipping out, in order to leave his shoes in the passage. While stooping for this purpose, the lady of the manse returned, and mistaking the stranger for her husband, gave a hearty rap with the sacred volume over the bald head of his reverence: 'There,' said she, in a matrimonial whisper, 'that's for garin' him stay a' nicht.'

#### MORAL NEGATION.

Three Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Gourrock for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sunday morning. Deeming it a profanation, however, to employ an oared boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the Rothsay Mail steamer, 'to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun down that way at ony-rate.' 'But what's the difference, pray,' asked the negotiator, 'between being rowed over, with oars and by the paddles of the steamer?'—'Difference! there's a hundle difference between rowing by the power o' man, wha maun answer for what he does, and a water-wheel pu'ing us: in ither words, gin ye wad ha'e us to be mair pointedly particular, a steam-engine's no a moral being, it's no an accountable awgent!'

#### BEFORE ELDERS' HOURS.

'If I'm not home from the party to-night at ten o'clock,' said a husband to his better-half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I won't,' said the lady significantly—'I won't wait, but I'll come for you.' He returned at ten precisely.

#### THE SICK MINISTER.

A venerable divine, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighbouring parish. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was; and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. 'Ay, ay,' quoth the divine, 'the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!'

#### SCIENCE IN A GARRET.

In a town far north, many years ago, we were present at the anniversary of a Mechanics' Institution, and had to say a few words about flowers and trees. It was well on towards midnight ere the proceedings closed, when a dapper, wiry little man rushed out from among the crowd, and invited us, as one naturalist invites another, to visit his humble home, and share his frugal supper. Gladly was the invitation accepted; for the earnest and intellectual look of our evidently poor host excited no small interest and some curiosity. He led his guest through long, dreary, tortuous, and unsavoury alleys, and then up an interminable stair, faintly illumined by the moonlight, that seemed to coze through loopholes. In the storey nearest the sky was the home of this student of nature—a journeyman tailor, with a wife and innumerable children, the eldest of whom was a fine intelligent lad verging upon manhood, assisting in the work, and sharing in the tastes of his father. Their favourite studies were manifested by the conversion of an old cupboard into the case of a well-arranged herbarium, by a glazed cabinet filled with stuffed birds and rows of impaled insects, and by a shelf of well-selected scientific books, the purchase of which must have absorbed the profits of many a close day's work. The matron of the family, a smiling, courteous dame, seemed to participate in the evident delight of her husband and first-born, and to take pride in a heartfelt approval of their

studies. On the round deal-table a clean white cloth was spread, with simple food to grace it; and two pleasant hours were spent in lively discourse, larded with hard scientific names, well understood, though strangely pronounced. The happiness of the whole family was, we believe, visibly increased when, a few weeks afterwards, it became our duty to announce to the head of it, that he had been elected honorary member of a distinguished scientific society.—*Westminster Review*.

#### THE HEART'S MELODIES.

LISTEN! listen! full is ever  
This wide world with music true,  
Nought can still it, mar it, never—  
Nought that hate or wrong can do.

Gentle, humble, all who tremble  
While fierce passions round them jar,  
Shall hear whispers that resemble  
Angel-voices from afar.

None so weary, none so lonely,  
But some heart responsive gives  
Beat for beat; and Love need only  
Touch the chords, and Music lives!

Though the world with darkness blendeth,  
Though the world be hushed and drear,  
Though the lone flower, trembling, bendeth  
As the cold wind moaneth near,

Morn shall come: again from blindness  
All to life and glory start;  
So, like light, one touch of kindness  
Wakes the Music of the Heart.

J. BRENT.

#### A MONSTER SPIDER.

During a mineralogical stroll, on the Cambray Farm, in the parish of Glenclue, a spider of an extraordinary size attracted my attention. There he was, seated on the extremity of a stone which projected out of a dike, reconnoitring the surrounding locality with a calm self-possession, which would reflect credit on any general. He was evidently the undisputed lord of all the insects of the place; for although he observed one of the 'lords of the creation' approach, he betrayed no symptoms of fear, and he plainly manifested that thoughts of a retreat never entered his head. But courage without prudence frequently leads to unfortunate results; and so it happened to my spider, for it served him no other purpose than that of affording his enemy an opportunity of capturing him. The creature measures about an inch and a quarter in length, and nearly the same in breadth. Its back is beautifully spotted and streaked, the colours mixing and blending in each other in the most beautiful confusion. This confusion, however, does not extend to the legs, for they are covered with alternate stripes of white and black, disposed with the most mathematical accuracy and regularity. When viewed through a microscope, it exhibits wonders of beauty sufficient to dispel every prejudice against the poor spiders, and to make every one admire them. Does it not shew that Nature, in her lowest, and in what we would consider her meanest developments, far surpasses the most delicate and exquisite works of art? Altogether, I consider this spider a rare and interesting creature.—*Correspondent of Free Press*.

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